THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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THE UNDERGRADUATE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

IF there is any one thing above all others that a freshman dreads it is the examinations at the close of the fall term. Since it is his first trial, the uncertainty of what he will encounter and of what the result will be, both bring a certain sense of dread and terror to his heart. The fall "exams" are to the freshman as the mountains are to travelers in a new country. At first, as they are seen in the distance, they are indistinct and do not appear large or difficult to climb. Then the nearer one approaches, the more distinct become the various peaks and ridges of difficulty. At last as he stands before them, they are multiplied before the eyes of his imagination. Each peak and ridge stimulates him to new efforts. Hence with much of dread and worry and toil he enters upon his task with something of determination and hope. Many accomplish their undertaking fully successful, some fail at one or two points, and a very few fail altogether. But the freshmen will soon learn not to worry and fear before a series of examinations but to meet them as they should all their duties with fresh minds and steady nerves. Of all foolish things for a student this is the worst, to "grind" to his utmost just before the close of the term. A brain worked to its highest pitch and crowded with a mass of everything, cannot do its best. It is the good, honest, faithful work persisted in during the whole term that bears the best fruit. We trust the freshmen will learn this by experience if in no other way and profit by it.

THE drum has a strong fascination for the small boy and, if he is not fortunate enough to be the happy possessor of one, he may be found drumming upon an old tin pan or wooden pail, or anything else that can resemble a drum and affords a good volume of sound. This fascination for noise is perfectly natural to him and is also seen to a greater or less extent in beasts. In the boy it is perhaps laudable, although sometimes allowed to go too far, but when he has grown up and become a college student and especially when he has risen above the rank of a freshman he is supposed to have laid aside this with other childish inclinations. And surely this supposition is a perfectly right and natural one. That all of the students have not outgrown their childhood's simplicity was plainly shown a few weeks ago by the manner in which some of the boys, we can hardly call them young men, applauded one of the young ladies as she came down from the Chapel stage. If it had been the act of the freshmen there might possibly have been some slight excuse for it but as it was done by those who have risen above that stage in their college course it was absolutely without excuse. When, too, we take into consideration the facts that the upper classmen are supposed to be models of behavior to those below them, and that they do, to some extent at least, exert an influence, unconscious perhaps, over them, the affair becomes more blameworthy. Shall

we not strive that such a thing shall not occur again and that we, as students of Middlebury College, shall be always worthy of the name of gentlemen?

THE new courses in Pedagogy and Art deserve more than passing notice. This new line shows that Middlebury is up with the times and is ready to equip her students in a thorough manner to take up the duties of life.

The majority of our graduates become teachers at least for a time, after leaving college and the necessity for some practical training in the art of teaching has become apparent. After spending four years in regular college work, the student can not well spare the time to take a course in a normal school, and this elective in college offers him an opportunity of combining the normal school training with regular collegiate work. There is no doubt that this additional course will prove a well deserved success.

It should remove a barrier which has confronted each one who has desired to teach. Probably no more embarassing question is put by the trustees or school committee than whether the applicant has had any experience or has studied the art of teaching at all.

Instances tend to show that some States are drawing their lines very sharply between college graduates and those of a normal school. It appears as it ultimately the normal rather than the college education will be the test for an applicant who is not able to attend both. The introduction of this study into the curriculum will tend to place the college applicants more on an equal footing with those from other institutions.

Concerning the new course in Art, not much is necessary to offer in way of explanation or commendation. There are many lines of knowledge which combine to make up a liberal education and an appreciative study of Art will do much to broaden the mind and give a quickened love for the beautiful The aesthetic as well as the purely practical must be cultivated and the new course affords a splendid opportunity for development in this direction.

THE new year has come at last with firm resolutions to be or not to be kept. However this may be, we trust that the coming twelve months may have much good in store for us and little ill.

IT is with reluctance that the editor sits down during vacation and invokes the muse for something to write. Many thoughts come to the student while at home for vacation, but their tendency is not often in the line of editorials. As we meet with the representatives of educational institutions who are in town for the holidays we are impressed with their different ideals of a vacation. The freshman returning home for the first time from college is rejoicing in the hope of seeing his friends and perhaps convincing them that he is an important character, while with the senior something of a thread of sadness runs through his thoughts as he sees the approaching end of his course, and views the world not as a visionary thing, but a reality. Responsibility is at hand and he ponders what units of measure the real world will use; whether they will consider him as to what he really is, or what he appears to be. Then, too, comes the thought, has the college accomplished and is it accomplishing for each one what he desires, and, if not, wherein lies the fault?

How often a college man is peculiarly impressed while on his vacation by noting what different objects people consider should be accomplished for a man while in college. To one, the ideal college man is a storehouse of voluminous information, to another perhaps, an eloquent speaker, while to another he is a good thinker. Admitting that a strong college man is one who possesses all three characteristics, yet in our idea all that a college pretends to do is to make men good thinkers.

We learn from psychology that thinking is what makes civilization and that this power of the mind is the one which has raised man above the beast. To think is to compare, and it is possible to judge a man by his units of comparison. To compose a world, men with each of these characterirtics are needed, and if the college has fostered one of them in a student, by so much has that man been helped.

IT was very gratifying to the student body to hear that a quarter-mile track is to be constructed on the campus the coming spring, and also that a field day is contemplated for the spring term.

As was demonstrated at the fall meet there are some good athletes ln college and the chances are that at the coming field day some good records may be made. The interscholastic games which have been suggested will be a good feature. We hope that they may help to bring the advantages of "Old Midd" before all those who contemplate entering college.

We can not but be grateful to the faculty for the interest they have shown in athletics and for the practical way they have taken of proving their interest. As a small college we are necessarily limited in our athletic enterprises. We cannot draw audiences large enough to cover expenses and it is difficult for us to meet other colleges outside the State. This proves a barrier to ball-games, but the same obstacle does not exist to a successful field day.

The faculty meet practically all the expenses and the success of the undertaking depends merely on our willingness to train. We should keep in good physical condition anyway, and why should we not with this double motive practice earnestly for the spring meet.

THE editor of a college periodical in order to live up to the standard set by his predecessors, must needs moralize occasionally, or at least wrestle with some weighty problems beyond the reach of the ordinary every-day student. This is, of course not a result of any special investigation in these erudite subjects, but merely a way of showing that sudden elevation to a high office is apt to turn the head and clothe one with an unbounded sense of superiority. In climbing a lofty mountain you perhaps have observed that as you near the top you can spring to greater heights, and indeed you feel like soaring up into the clouds to leave your comrades aghast at your sudden translation. Something of the same spirit possesses the editor when he rises from the ranks and has a chance to inflict his thoughts on the innocent reader without an opportunity of retaliation. If the present board has been free from any allegiance to this custom of writing articles as shallow as the mountain stream on subjects as deep as the ocean, our readers may congratulate themselves that wholesome criticism deserves all the credit. We feel that some sort of explanation is necessary for the lack of this old-time style of editorial and perhaps what we have written will serve as an explanation.

WE are glad to note the sharp competition for places on the UNDERGRADUATE board. We are too modest to say that this is due to the monotonous appeals we have made for support. Rather, let us say, it is owing to the awakened interest of the student body in our college paper. Two issues now remain in this year of the existence of the present editorial board and no new candidates are eligible, but there is still an opportunity for some to improve their chances for a position, who are not far behind in the race.

LITERARY.

OUR PART OF CHAMPLAIN VALLEY SCENERY.

Do we as students fully appreciate the advantages that Middlebury possesses, from her situation in the most beautiful part of the Champlain valley? Do we realize that we are in the centre of many places of historic interest and near by many well known and picturesque spots for which this region is celebrated?

It was within a radius of fifteen miles from here that many of the events and interesting adventures related in Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys" took place. Then old Fort Ticonderoga, Fort William Henry, or the scene of the many struggles in its vicinity, Crown Point fort, old Fort Frederick and many others are only a short distance away. Many of these old ruins are quite well preserved, and all are well worth visiting.

In natural scenery, we have the matchless Adirondacks and the stately range which gave Vermont her name, the lakes of unsurpassed beauty, and the gently flowing river, where the weary student may receive new life, from a row on its waters. Then there is the waterfall about a mile down the stream, which is not as well known as it deserves to be. Here, in late years the students betake themselves, when the water in the river is high, to behold one of the grandest sights to be seen for many miles.

This place is Belden's Falls. Here the water leaps over a precipice into a chasm below. The stream is divided nearly in the centre by a small island at the very brink of the falls; and the two divisions, rushing along in a mass of seething foam, unite below the island at right angles with each other to form a small whirlpool where the water is churned to a milky whiteness, seems to hesitate a moment on the edge of the whirlpool and then rushes down the stream with great speed.

At the top of the falls, just above the point where the water takes its leap are two foot-bridges which connect the island with either shore. It is indeed a grand and inspiring sight to stand on one of these little foot-bridges within three feet of the falling water and watch the turbulent and tumbling mass below;

to see behind you the slowly and silently moving water, and in front this same water as it is changed into a rushing, roaring, foaming cataract. It is surely fascinating and enjoyable to judge from the numbers who visit the falls many times during the year. One may truly wonder why they have not received more notice in times past, but it suffices to say that they are now one of the most popular attractions and will continue to be in the future.

Of the other beautiful places near by, Lake Dunmore is of course, the best known and will deserves its popularity. But above Dunmore is a smaller lake, at the very summit of the mountains. This is Silver Lake, so named from the white sand on the shores. This beautiful pond is unique, on every side rise the mountain crests, covered with a thick growth of trees, the waters are clear and transparent, the air pure and bracing, the scenery altogether most delightful and picturesque. One could afford to go a great distance to see Silver Lake nestled up in its mountain retreat.

Of Lake Champlain and Lake George we need scarcely speak. Every spring the several fraternities take excursions on these lakes. There could be no better starting point than Middlebury for one of these trips, as railroad, boat and carriage are called into use on these occasions. The very best part of Lake Champlain is within fifteen miles of the college and anyone can in a day take in a good part of the beauties of this fine old body of water which separates the two States.

Though we are not so near Lake George, we are within easy distance, and a sail through its waters is often the delight of our students. The historic interest connected with the lake, the clearness of its waters, the grand and imposing mountains on either shore, and the numerous islands and bays which add to the lovliness of the view, all make a trip through this lake something never to be forgotten.

We as students of "Old Midd." may well feel proud of the natural beauties which surround us, and lighten the burdens of college drudgery by inviting us often to partake of that pleasure and comfort which nature furnishes to those who can enjoy her rarest and most magnificent scenes. That these gems of mountain, river and lake scenery are about us in their greatest splendor and in prodigal liberality is much to our advantage.

As we have appreciated them in some degree in the past, may we more fully enjoy them in the future, and there will surely be added another strong bond of union between us and "Old Midd." One that will afterwards cause us to look back upon our four years work with fondest recollections and most delightful memories.

A SKETCH IN SOUND.

As he neared the church, soft music reached his ears. He recognized the touch as that of her blind brother. No doubt, she had brought him to practice.

He went in. The music, which before had reached him only in indistinct fragments of sound, like the broken chords from an æolian harp, now resolved itself into a wordless song of that pathetic quality which seems to lay bare the very soul of the performer.

The lady recognized him with a slight bow, as he seated himself near her. No word passed between them for a few moments. Both seemed absorbed in the music. At length, he said, "Edward seems sad to-day." "Yes," she replied, "Only at the organ does he permit himself to show the least discontent with his lot. He is always the same bright, cheerful, contented soul, except when, as now, his fingers unconsciously utter what his lips withhold."

"Don't you think it always does one good to tell out what is oppressing him?" She shot a quick glance at him. "As a general thing, yes. It relieves the feelings. But sometimes the secret suffering must be borne in noble silence." The voice of the instrument was undergoing a change, growing no louder, perhaps, but more intense with a sense of suppressed emotion.

"Yes," he slowly rejoined, as if weighing her words for their deeper meaning, "Yes, there are times when silence is heroic." He paused, and the confined tones, struggling for expression, seemed to wrestle in his soul. "But, Mildred," and his voice was intense now, with the intensity of the music, "I can no longer believe that mine is a case requiring that kind of heroism. May I not speak out? The very music drives me to it! I love you, Mildred, Will you be mine?"

He looked at her and waited, and the metal throats of the pipes seemed to quiver and writhe in the effort to tell their tale. The atmosphere of the church, usually calm with a reverential peace, seemed tense and vibrant, like a violin string. As for Mildred, a delicate flush stole over her refined features, to be

chased away in a moment by a pallor that was almost startling. "You know that I love you, George, yet I am very sorry you have spoken. What you wish can not be. Edward has the first claim on me. While he lives, my life is his."

The strain was over. The keen, pervasive tones, losing their penetrating quality, subsided to a calmer mood. Yet through them seemed to stretch a long wail of sadness, almost of despair. "Thank you for your frankness, Mildred," he said calmly, as he arose and extended his hand, "Is there no hope?"

"No hope," she scarcely whispered. He turned and passed out—out through the vestibule, where the door partially smothered the mournful melody, out into the sunshine of the everyday world, where, as he walked away, the sound grew fainter and fainter and, at length, ceased.

I hope the article on the wire nail trust in a recent number of the "Outlook" did not escape the notice of its advocates in the college. You will read it over, then say; "But how many of us use wire nails? This is a minor trust, and the oil trust caused the price of oil to fall." Is it of minor importance that the poor are plundered, and the plunder used by those who have no real need for it? Is anything of minor importance that extorts $7,000,000 from the public and transfers it to the overflowing pockets of the few owners?

Don't pound your finger, my friend, when you speak of trusts, but hit the nail on the head.

MIDDLEBURY VERSE.

WINTER BOTANY.

"Wilt thou be mine, oh loveliest flower?"
  Sighed Jack Frost to the rose one night,
As she nestled warm in her cozy bower,
  Half hidden from his sight.

The rose grew pale as a snowy lily;
  Jack all but blushed in his guilt,
As she murmured low: "I know it is silly,
  But, Jacky dear, I wilt."

So betrothed they were, but the frost soon jilted
  His love for another "flame",
The rose, abandoned, drooped and wilted;
  Jack still plays the old, old game.

THE POWER OF POESY.

Ethereal spirit, wafted from afar
  In fairy flight on care-dispelling wings,
Oh, what a mellow light thy presence brings,
  Beaming on mortals like the morning star;
  For them thy magic rays more powerful are
    Than petty boasted might of earthly kings;
    They warm the heart to higher, better things
And free the mind from Care's imprisoning bar.

Well may thy splendor dim the vulgar eye
  Upraised to view the vision, passing bright,
For when in olden days thou drewest nigh,
  Homer and Milton could not bear the sight;
It sealed their eyes; Shakespeare undauntedly,
  And he alone, gazed steadfast on thy light.

C. W. P.

OBITUARY.

CHARLES PRESCOTT KIMBALL.

Charles Prescott Kimball of the Junior class died at the home of his sister in Middlebury, Tuesday morning, Dec. 22. He had been ill but a short time with grip, which developed into brain fever. Mr. Kimball was 25 years of age. The funeral was on the following Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. A. W. Dickens officiating.

Mr. Kimball prepared for college at the Middlebury High School and entered with the present Senior class but was obliged to drop back on account of ill health. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CLASS OF '98.

WHEREAS it has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom, to take from us our beloved classmate, Charles Prescott Kimball, one who had endeared himself to all, a loyal friend and true hearted gentleman and one whose death we deeply mourn and whose presence we sadly miss;

Therefore, be it resolved that we, class of '98, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his relatives and friends in their deep affliction;

Also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the UNDERGRADUATE.

JANE POWNEY BARKER.

Jane Powney Baker, a former member of the class of '99, died at her home in Sidney, N.Y., Friday, Dec. 18, of consumption. She was obliged to leave college in her first year on account of the illness which finally brought on her death. Miss Barker was a member of the Alpha Chi sorority.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CLASS OF '99.

WHEREAS, God who is all love and wisdom has seen fit to take to himself our dear friend and former classmate, Jane Powney Barker; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the class of '99, extend to her parents and sisters all those sympathies which we so truly have for them in their deep sorrow. Be it also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family, and a copy published in the UNDERGRADNATE.

LUCY W. SOUTHWICK,
ANNIS M. STURGES,
ERNEST J. WATERMAN. } Commtttee of '99.

WALTER BROWN CHILDS.

Walter Brown Childs, a former member of the class of '91, died Dec. 23, 1896, at Pittsburg, Pa., of pneumonia. He was born in Utica, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1867. After attending the public schools there, he spent a year in Middlebury. He developed a fondness for electrical appliance and was connected with several electrical concerns. We copy the following from the Utica *Daily Press*:

"He was always of a manly bearing, cheerful disposition, frank and open hearted. Generous and kindly, he was ever glad to extend any favor which was in his power. Anyone in need appealed to him and requests for aid were not made in vain. He was possessed of more than ordinary ability and gave promise of a successful business career."

ALUMNI NEWS.

[Any alumni or others who have old programs, announcements or papers of college interest would confer a favor on the college by sending them to Prof. Sanford. In view of the coming centennial, it is desired to collect a series of articles which would be of interest to friends or graduates of the college.]

'38. During the vacation Lieut. Com. A. V. Wadhams, U. S. N., a nephew of the late Bishop Edgar Prindle Wadhams of the class of 1838, was in town and visited his uncle's alma mater. Com. Wadhams, in addition to the faithful performance of his duties in the navy, is a contributor to our periodical literature and is well known in the lecture field, having at one time received a special leave of absence of one year to deliver lectures on the "new navy."

'40. Hon. Edward J. Phelps was one of the guests of honor at the annual banquet of the New England Club of New York, Dec. 22. He was enthusiastically received and gave an eloquent response to the toast, "Forefathers' Day."

'48. Pres. J. E. Rankin recently wrote us that he had learned that Rev. Ira Case mentioned in his note to Mr. Gregory's letter in our last issue is still living. He resides in Olney, R. I.

'56. In the November number of The Hartford Seminary *Record* was a contributed article by Prof. C. M. Mead on "The Gospel of Paul."

'58. Prof. Brainerd Kellogg of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute delivered a lecture in the college chapel Dec. 19, on the subject, "Burke, the Orator." We who had heard Prof. Kellogg before went expecting something fine and we were not disappointed. The subject was well chosen, the treatment was masterful and the expression of the thought was delightful. The speaker has a way of clothing his ideas in such beautiful language that we cannot decide which is more impressive. On the following Monday evening Prof. Kellogg delivered the annual address at the anniversary celebration of Forefather's Day.

'62. At the fourth annual meeting of the New England club of Seattle, Wash., in celebration of Forefather's day, Dec. 22, the principal address was by Hon. Lyman E. Knapp, the president of the club, on "New England and American Civilization."

'70. A letter to the UNDERGRADUATE from E. F. Wright of the class of 1870 says: "It seems a long time since the graduation of the class. According to the last report, however, all of the members were living except one, Dr. S. H. Foster. The writer believes he voices the prevailing sense of the alumni in saying that he appreciates the UNDERGRADUATE as a medium of communication, and also that the students are deserving of great credit for the ability displayed in its management." Mr. Wright, who has been pastor of the Congregational church in Dwight, Ill., for nearly three years, gives a very interesting account of the working of the "Keeley Cure," the parent institute of which is located in Dwight. Of some of the inmates he says: "It has been my privilege to become personally acquainted with many of the patients who come for treatment, as they largely worship with us while here. It is a constant surprise to see the high degree of intelligence and culture represented. There is generally quite a sprinkling of college and university graduates among them."

'74. The *Rochester Post Express* of Dec. 19 had a large space devoted to the town of Oakfield, N. Y., and three columns on the Cary Collegiate Seminary and St. Michael's parish, of which Rev. C. C. Gove is rector. Mr. Gove is also head master of the

school. The paper contained many cuts of the church and school, together with a splendid portrait of Mr. Gove. His work is highly spoken of and the rank which the school has taken under his charge is of a high order.

'83. We note a poem dedicated to Prof. Samuel Sheldon, in the Brooklyn Polytechnic.

'88. On the front page of the *Advance* for Nov. 12, 1896, was a cut of the First church, Norwich, N. Y., and its new pastor, E. J. Klock. Several columns are devoted to a history of the church, its growth and present prosperity, together with quite a lengthy article on Mr. Klock's work and prospects. The church has now 523 members and there are but twelve larger Congregational churches in the State. In speaking of his pastorate at Niagara Falls it uses the following words: "His pastorate there of a little over two years has been successful, the church records being revised, a church manual published, and buildings erected at large cost. The congregation has steadily increased; thirty-three have united from September to September of last year. In accepting his resignation the church passed a testimonial warmly commending his services and expressing regret at his departure." Then is given a short account of his life, including his preaching in neighboring towns during his course here.

'89. We recently had a letter from L. H. Raine enclosing an account of the death of Walter Brown Childs and wishing the UNDERGRADUATE and "Old Midd." unbounded success.

'93. J. B. Donoway has decided to begin the practice of law in Rutland.

'93. G. L. Hasseltine is studying law with State's Attorney Fish of Vergennes.

'95. W. H. Eldridge of East Middlebury has gone to New York to act as bookkeeper in the branch office of the Vermont Marble company.

'96. Merrill, of Columbia Law School, spent his vacation at his home on Weybridge street.

'96. Goodman and Roscoe, who are teaching in Bridgeton, N. J., visited their respective homes during vacation.

'96. Miss Ava Hawley spent her vacation at her home in town. She teaches in Middle Granville, N. Y., High school.

'96. A. C. Wales, who has been teaching in the Munger street school of this town, has been obliged to resign on account of ill health. Halnon of the same class has taken his place.

'96. James Moore of Camden, N. Y., has entered the office of John C. Davies, deputy attorney general of New York State. He will act as stenographer and will assist Mr. Davis in his editorials for the Utica papers.

ATHLETICS.

Middlebury has taken an immense stride toward success in track athletics. One morning toward the end of last term the President laid before the students a carefully matured plan to further the athletic spirit in college. He began by expressing the hearty interest the faculty had in the development of general athletics in college, but said that especially were they concerned about the successful outcome of the field meet next spring. This offered an opportunity for all to do something, even though they could not try for the ball teams.

Then he told in detail of their plan. In the first place, a cinder track at least a quarter mile in length, probably more, was to be put in around the ball field. This alone would give track athletics such a start as it has not known for a long time. In the next place, the money which was obtained from the entertainment given a year ago for a grand stand was to be put to its intended use.

In the third place, the faculty will give a prize to the class making the best record, this trophy to be suitably inscribed and preserved in the library. In addition to this individual prizes will be given. Further, the faculty have matured plans for an interscholastic meet open to the preparatory schools of eastern Vermont, for which prizes will be provided. This is a scheme which has proved very successful where it has been tried and there is no reason why Middlebury should not in this way attract to the college many students who might be introduced through this agency. Already invitations have been sent some of the schools and have been accepted and there is a prospect that this side of the programme will meet with decided success in practical results.

Lastly, a need of some systematic gymnasium training was felt and the faculty have sent Wells, '98, to Boston to study gymnasium methods and this term he will conduct classes in this work. No one is better fitted for the duty than Wells, and with the

new ideas obtained, we may be assured that those who go into gymnasium practice will get good results for the time they spend. We have often in this column emphasized the importance of this athletic work during the winter term, and now we have an opportunity that should not be neglected.

The faculty have certainly shown themselves enthusiastically interested in athletics, but there yet remains the opportunity for us to show our appreciation of their kindness. With faithful practice in the gymnasium, followed up by earnest training in the spring, records are sure to be broken and there is no reason why 1897 should not be the topmost year in the athletic history of the college.

The recent gratifying developments along the line of athletics lead us to make a few remarks and suggestions in regard to tennis. We feel justified in saying that we should have the earnest support of our faculty in any effort we might make to revive it. We also feel sure that our three courts could easily be put in the best possible condition, and as to the material for players to be found among our faculty and students nothing need be said.

Tennis is a branch of college athletics which certainly ought not to be neglected, and in view of the fact that we are to have such a boom, so to speak, as has never come our way before, we recommend that every fellow take hold and help the thing along and so help get up a rousing tournament next spring.

Tennis may be just as much of a help to us physically as base ball or track training and we strongly urge every student to go into it.

We might say here, too, that a good winter's work in the gymnasium will help along toward a successful tournament just as much as in any other sport, so do not stay away from the training class just because you intend to go into tennis only.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Anson Phelps Stokes has presented to the library a copy of his "Joint-Metallism," which has attracted so much attention on account of the views advanced.

By courtesy of Prof. Simon Newcomb, superintendent of the U. S. Nautical Almanac office, the library has received the twelve volumes of the "American Ephemeris" from 1888 to 1899 inclusive. They are a valuable addition to Prof. Bryant's department.

Prof. C. M. Mead, of the class of '56, contributes to the "Hartford Seminary Record" for November a critical review of Prof. Everett's "The Gospel of Paul." Prof. Mead occupies the chair of Christian theology in Hartford Theological Seminary. The "Record" is among the periodicals received by the library.

Hon. George Hammond of Middlebury has presented to the library a copy of the "Register of the Vermont Atwood Merino Sheep Club", compiled by him. It gives individual pedigrees of the descendants of Stephen Atwood's Humphrey importation of Spanish Merinoes, which gave the flocks of Mr. Hammond, and his father, Edwin, a world-wide reputation.

The library has added to its reading-room subscription list the Scientific American, Outlook and Public Opinion, weeklies; Botanical Gazette and Scribner's Magazine, monthlies; Americana Germanica and Library Journal, quarterlies. By gift and purchase a nearly complete set of Scribner's Magazine, beginning with volume one, has been acquired and will be completed to date at an early day.

A carefully prepared abstract of a paper by Prof. Wright on "Two Parallel Studies in Sociology: a comparison of certain features in a drama of Shakespeare and one in Ibsen" appears in the last issue of the "Publications of the Modern Language Association of America", of which the professor is a member. The dramas in question are "Coriolanus" and "An Enemy of the People." The library is a regular subscriber to the "Publications." Prof. Henckels is also an active member of the association.

Two installments of Professor Burt's monograph on the Phalloideae of the United States have appeared in the "Botanical Gazette," published by the University of Chicago Press. The portion in the October number, to which attention was called last month, is an account, illustrated with two plates, of the development of *Clathrus columnatus*, of the Southern States. The second paper in the November number is a systematic account of the Phalloideae of the U. S. Both may be found in the library reading room.

A HINT TO THE BARBER.

"My experience," said the football youth
When the season at last was done,
"Has not been fatal, though in truth
A most hair-raising one." —[*Ex.*

TWO VACATION TRIPS ON FOOT.

[By Albee Smith, '68.]

Reading the UNDERGRADUATE, takes me back to school days, and in thinking over my experiences at Middlebury, two trips that I made while there fre quently come to my mind; and perhaps an account of them would not be uninteresting, especially to students who have vacations yet to enjoy.

One morning in the spring vacation of 1865, A. B. Shepard of '66, and the writer hereof, met by chance at the old depot in Middlebury. Shepard proposed that we take a short walk into the country. It was agreed to. We told our landladies that we should not be on hand at dinner time and might be late to tea.

With no other word to any one we took two "edg ings" from the wood pile for walking sticks and started out. We passed by the old Dr. Bass place, east of the village, around by the Hammond farm, up back of Chipman Hill to the north, without aim or purpose. The further we went the better we liked it. We took early tea at a Mr. Smith's in New Haven, a member of whose family we had met in Middlebury before, but did not know that this was their home.

After tea we walked on, stopping over night, our first night out, tired and foot-sore, at a farm house near Ferrisburgh. I had never been so tired before, and never have been since. In the morning, weary enough to die, we continued our journey toward Burlington. We ate our lunch there in a restaurant near the colleges, in a basement. We were so lame when we got up from the table, that we could scarcely pull one foot after the other up the stairs to the street.

The moment we reached the sidewalk we saw L. V. Ferris of '67, now a lawyer in Chicago, on the opposite side of the street. We dodged behind the big trees and were not seen by him. From this point we traveled west up what was then known as the Onion river. Our legs grew limber as we went along up this beautiful valley. I do not remember all the towns we passed, nor how long it took us to reach Montpelier, but I remember it as the prettiest country I had ever seen. We were in Montpelier on Sunday. The day before we reached there, it rained nearly all day. The soil was pure blue clay. To those who know what these two facts mean when combined, no explanation is necessary and to those who do not any true statement of the combination would not be believed.

The fashion of boots in those days were "high heels". Ours were of that style when new, but by the time we reached Montpelier they were at an angle of nearly 45 degrees.

Our line of march from this place, was toward Hancock and when we reached the road leading over the mountains to Hancock from Ripton, we turned towards Ripton. At the hotel in that town when we were about to register and stop for the night, seeing on the book the names of Abner Smith of '66 and Joel Linsley of '68, who had just gone out fishing, we changed our plans, charged the proprietor not to divulge to those two persons, the fact of there having been there any unknown travelers, and told him we had concluded to go on. With some reluctance we took up our walk down the mountain. But the hotel keeper could not keep a secret and described us as well as he could to those two guests on their return, giving them the information that we were both lame. The two fishermen had no doubt as to our identity.

We reached home the following morning, having been gone just one week. We enjoyed this trip so much that we decided on the journey to walk to Long Island Sound by way of Boston during the long summer vacation. At one o'clock on the last day of commencement in the year, 1865, with low broad heeled boots made to order, we started from Starr Hall on this contemplated trip, passed through Salisbury, Rutland and Bennington, visiting the battle field there, crossed the Green Mountains at Jamaica, stopping over night with my class mate Elijah Phillips on top of the mountain. We passed Townshend, where was located Leland Seminary, from which in those days or just prior, many students had graduated to enter Middlebury College.

At Brattleboro, we crossed the Connecticut River, and left the state of Vermont, passing through my native town, Orange, Massachusetts, and Athol, where I had at one time attended school, continued our course to Boston, visiting my old home at Cambridge and many places of interest in and around Boston. We started for Providence, thence to Stonington, Connecticut, and back again to Providence, from thence west, over the hills of Rhode Island, among the bushes, song of factory bells and "operatives" till we at last struck the railroad at a little station called

Nipmuc, named after a band of Indians that once dwelt there. They had all moved away and we were anxious to follow their example and asked the depot master for two tickets for the first station outside of Rhode Island. We soon had our tickets for Plainfield (I think it was) Connecticut.

In our excitement to leave I forgot my "class cane" which I valued very highly. And this cane so far as I know some of the Nipmucs now have, claiming it as their own.

From Plainfield, we took up again our tramp to Tolland, Connecticut, where we took the cars for Bernardston, Massachusetts to attend the reunion of Powers Institute. Among those in attendance was M. D. L. Collister of '65. This was where he and many others of Middlebury boys, including myself, fitted for college.

We spent three happy days in this little village, which every student of Powers Institute loves and always will. We then bid adieu to our friend Collister, and borrowed from him two shirts and $10 and started west over the Berkshire Hills for Albany, N. Y. On our way visiting Hoosic Tunnel (it was Sunday) which was then being constructed. Borrowed two lanterns and walked into the mountain to the end of the line. It was a dark, wet, uninviting place. We sat on the ledge and sang some college songs, and made all the noise we could, we could hardly hear our own voices or see our lanterns. Dark—whew! We were as glad to get out, as we were to glad to get in. From there we passed on over the mountains to North Adams and Williamstown, visiting Williams College where we did not feel like introducing ourselves. We were too loyal to Middlebury and did not want to injure her reputation.

[*To be Concluded.*]

Y. M. C. A.

Let us not forget the Y. M. C. A. meetings this term. The meetings last term were a source of great strength to those who attended.

We hope that a renewed interest may be taken in this good work. Surely there is much that can be done along this line. Everyone should attend the meetings and by his presence show an interest in the religious life of the college. A realization should come to each one that the college is the place where habits are formed. Do not leave the religious instinct to take care of itself and put off action until you come in contact with the actual world. College people as well as many others are too liable to procrastinate and perhaps to neglect that which is of inestimable worth. College men going out into life are an example of what the higher education of this nineteenth century affords, and if the larger proportion of them should leave their religious instinct to rust and dry up, would the higher lines of education on a whole have an ennobling effect upon the world?

TOPICS FOR THE MONTH.

Jan. 12.—How this year may be made better than the last has been. Phil. 3:7–14. Aaron B. Corbin.

Jan. 19.—From what does Christ save men? Titus 3:1–7. C. O. Smith.

Jan. 26.—Our gifts to God; our gifts from God. Rom. 8:26–39. Ernest J. Waterman.

Feb. 2.—How to strengthen our faith in Christianity. Mark 9:14–29. Fred. H. Allen.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The University of California offers instruction in the Chinese and Japanese languages.

Dr. Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University, is talked of as the next secretary of State.

Every student entering the Kansas Wesleyan University is required to subscribe for the college paper.

Girard College, Philadelphia, is the richest college in the country, having over eleven and a quarter millions in endowments.

The chapel services at Cornell are so interesting that seats have to be reserved for the students on account of the large attendance.

In England one man in 5000 attends college; in the United States, one in 2000; in Scotland, one in 520; and in Germany, one in 213.

Seventeen out of the twenty-seven belonging to the students' congress at the University of California have decided that co-education is not desirable.

President Schurman of Cornell University, in his annual report states that the average age of entrance is increasing, that of last year's class being twenty years and nine months.

The two tents on the upper campus of the University of California must be a singular sight. One is used by the young ladies as a lunch room; the other is used by students for oratory.

There are only one-fifth of one per cent of college men in the United States, yet they have furnished thirty per cent of our congressmen, fifty per cent of our presidents, and over seventy per cent of our supreme court judges.

LOCALS.

Corbin, '99, is ill with typhoid fever.

Prof. McGilton spent part of his vacation in New York.

Several of the freshmen class are to try for honors in classics.

Lobban, '98, spent the vacation with Lamson, '96, at Addison.

President Brainerd spent his vacation in Boston and vicinity.

Bridgham, '97, visited friends in Granville, N. Y., during vacation.

The new catalogue just out shows an attendance of one hundred and eleven.

Prof. Bryant, during the latter part of his vacation, was in Manchester, N. H.

Prof. and Mrs. Eaton spent their vacation with Prof. Wright in Cambridge.

The committee in charge of the junior promenade were Rice, Hinman and Peck.

Wells, '98, has been elected captain of the base ball team for the season of '97.

The managers of the boarding hall report an encouraging surplus for the term.

Rev. G. W. Phillips of Rutland conducted chapel services the last day of the term.

The seniors are contemplating the wearing of cap and gown during the spring term.

Boyce, '99, visited college recently. He expects to enter the class of 1900 next year.

Miss Janes, '97, and Cady, '98, have been seriously ill with typhoid fever but are now improving.

A reception was given the senior class by Prof. McGilton and Mrs. McGilton at their home Dec. 15.

Herman Dingwell Sears of Springfield, Mass., who has spent two years in Yale, has entered the junior class.

Prof. Wright has has had an attack of the grip and was obliged to be absent from several of his recitations.

Miss Holden, '97, spent a few days at the beginning of the term with Miss Hawley, '96, in Middle Granville, N. Y.

The marriage of Robert M. Mills and Katherine E. Cummings took place at the home of the bride in Earlville, N. Y. Congratulations.

The freshmen have received their class colors, blue and white with gold, and "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The students were pleased to see Prof. and Mrs. A. L. Janes of Lawrenceville, N. J., once more with us. They spent their vacation in town.

Courses in pedagogy and art have been introduced into the senior electives. These two studies are likely to become a valuable feature in the college curriculum.

A class is to be formed by Prof. Wright, consisting of members from the senior and junior classes, to read selections from Browning one evening a week during the term.

Wells, '98, spent the vacation in Boston where he received training in exercises for the gymnasium. A class will be formed consisting of those desiring to take gymnasium practice during the winter term, and it will be under the supervision of Mr. Wells.

There was some skating last term just when the students were so busy with examinations that little time could be given to matters of less vital importance. It is to be hoped that nature will not prove faithless when we have now more time to devote to the pleasures of life.

On the Tuesday evening preceding the junior promenade a lecture was given in the town hall under the auspices of Prof. Wright, by Mr. Bancroft of Boston on "Irish Ballads and Ballad Writers." The lecture was mainly singing of the ballads and was both entertaining and instructive.

The junior promenade was a decided success. A play, "Timothy Delano's Courtship", was given, followed by the dance. Parts in the play were taken by Dunton, Peck, Lobban, Miss Verder and Mrs. James Smith, who kindly consented to take the place of Miss Allen, who was obliged to give up her part on account of illness. The production went off well and the dance following was enjoyed by all. The junior class has established a reputation for successful entertainments.

After the performance of "Timothy Delano's Courtship" by the Juniors on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22, quite a number of the students gathered at the depot preparatory to starting for home on the 11:02 train. At first they were told that the train was an hour late, then two hours, then three, and finally, when their patience was well nigh exhausted, they were informed that the train was not coming at all on account of an accident. While they were waiting various means were resorted to for passing away the time. Banjo music, songs, stump speeches, stories, and class yells were engaged in as sources of amusement. We venture to say that the night operator had more to vary the monotony of his duties than he had had in a long time. Wednesday morning the same crowd together with many of their fellow students assembled at the depot aud started for home amidst the regretful farewells of their few friends left behind. They all looked somewhat the worse for wear but we trust that they all have thoroughly recuperated and are ready once more for their college work.

EXCHANGES.

The best way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't at home. —*Ex.*

Who was Jonah's tutor? The whale that brought him up. —*Ex.*

Teacher.—James, how is the earth divided?
Scholar.—By earthquakes. —*Ex.*

Why is snow a dangerous weapon? Because it is so often used for sleighing purposes. —*Ex.*

To shave your face and brush your hair
And then your best suit to wear—
That's preparation.
And then upon the car to ride
A mile or two, and walk beside—
That's transportation.
And then before the door to smile—
To think you'll stop a good long while—
That's expectation.
And then to find her not at home,
That homeward you will have to roam—
That's thunderation. —*Ex.*

Prof.—How many weeks belong to the year?
Student—Forty-six.
How do you make that out?
The other six are Lent. —*Ex.*

A CASE OF TWO IN ONE.

To ride a bicycle built for two,
Perhaps is lots of fun;
But many a pair
Have found pleasure rare,
In a rocking chair
Built for one. —*Ex.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Let Others list to beating sea,
Or beat of drums in crowded marts,
The sweetest music is, to me,
The friendly beat of honest hearts.
—*Franklin.*

A PARTING.

Said the comb to the brush "'tis very sad,
It almost breaks my heart,
We can not long together be
For in the morn we part."
—*H. V. M., in Delaware College Review.*

GRIDIRON MATHEMATICS.

Freshleigh—"How many men are there on a foot ball team?"

Senior.—"Ten and a quarter." —*Ex.*

The following are some of the literary questions asked by the *Reveille:*—

Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?
Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
Is Edward Everett Hale?

Was Laurence Sterne? Was Herman Grim?
Was Edward Young? John Gay?
Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and was J. R. Green?
Chief Justice Taney ~~quiet~~? quite
Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?
Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
John Suckling vealy? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day? —*Ex.*

THE STREAM.

I walked beside the river,
In the far off long ago,
And listened to the murmur
Of the water's ceaseless flow.

And the golden sunlight streaming,
Thro' the leaves all fresh and green,
Made a patch of silver, gleaming
On the bosom of the stream.

And down there in the shadow,
It looked so dull and grey,
I wondered why the sunlight
Could not reach it all the way.

But the thickness of the verdure
Stayed the brilliant shafts of light,
Made the stream all dull and sad like,
With a shadow not of night.

But yet a little further
It met the sun again,
And flashed and gleamed and sparkled
Like brightest, purest gem.

So in the changing stream of life,
Shadows of grief and pain,
But yet a little further on,
And all is bright again.

—*W. O., in the Olio.*

SNOW BIRDS.

A lonely waste—a wilderness of snow
Set with a few bare trees all stark and cold,
That moaned as if in pain and shuddered slow
When the sharp winter wind passed to and fro,
And one who had in misery grown old
Stood gazing on the scene in still despair;
Until there came a flock of chattering birds
Cleaving with swift, white wings the leaden air,
And chirping blithely as their scanty fare
They sought; then to his memory gracious words
Of sacred Truth returned, and this he heard;
"These neither sow nor reap, nor harvests bear
To barns, yet your heavenly Father feeds:
How much more precious thou, whom as His child He heeds."

—*Ethan Hart Manning, in the Owl.*

STUDENTS

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